

red wine heat

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by [twenty_committee](#)

Summary

George looks so good in red. He looks so good when he's undone, and Dream is drunk on it and George like he's drunk on the red wine that stains their lips.

Notes

Do not mention or send this to CCs. Be respectful.

I also wrote 'this side of paradise', linked in the series.

This is very loosely related to the work 'punchdrunk'
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/28476702>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George gets so red when he's undone with pleasure, gasping and spread out on the sheets. He's red with heat and want when he comes.

God, when he comes he's *beautiful* in a way that makes Dream breathless. Face twisted up and flushed, whimpering and helpless, coming so goddamn *pretty* on Dream's cock. It's enough to get him drunk on it.

He blames the wine for it. Wine and George and the heavy weight of heat like warm honey dripping through all his thoughts until all he can think of is *George* and the specific red shade of his mouth when Dream's kissed him properly, kissed him and pressed him down in the sheets and made him come.

It's the same shade as the wine. Red wine on George's lips and red flushing down his neck. Dream curls his fingers around the cool bottle to try to ground himself, but he's so heatdrunk he can barely feel the chill.

Dream wants him. He wants him dripping in red and spread out on the sheets like this. He wants to have George fall apart for him, piece by piece, over and over until he's sobbing.

That's what he'd said- *want you*- when they were both lax and floating-drunk, and George had half-walked and half-danced with him to their bedroom and tangled them both up in the sheets.

One of their phones is looping some playlist in the dining room where they'd left it with the wine bottle, the faint music lost in the sounds of breathing and the creaking of the bed and the slick sounds of George being worked open on his fingers. Dream wonders if he'd be good at music. He might not know wood and ivory, but he knows George, has him on his fingertips, knows every gasp and moan, knows the filthy, lovely secret of how George is just for him.

If he wants to ruin George, he has to keep the tempo like a dance. He has to take it slow until George *sings* for him.

So he moves *slow*, and George smiles sliding and full of heat, legs spreading further apart to let Dream have him. The wine makes George bold, and it loosens all the thoughts in Dream's head until they come spilling out like music.

'Beautiful,' Dream whispers, the word given up like prayer. George opens up so prettily for his fingers, hot and sensitive, laid out on deep red bedsheets. Red, flushing through his skin and on his pretty mouth. Red wine heat glowing through their bodies. 'You have no idea how much I want you.'

George gives him a snakebite grin, loose with wine. His eyes burn. 'Tell me. You have me all night, Dream. Tell me just how much you want me.'

The wine, that's what makes him bold, that's what makes him *want want want*. George has told him before that he's *so much*, that he's always wanting more, but is that a crime? Is it wrong to want to ruin him with pleasure?

'I want to make you come,' he breathes, and the words spill out full of memories on how good George looks when he's writhing on the bedsheets. 'I want to make you come over and over until you can't take me anymore.'

George's breath hitches. Dream knows him, knows every emotion hidden in his face. All he sees is *want*, and it burns him.

'I want to hear you. Want to see you like that.' Dream can't catch himself from falling now, can't stop his heated words. 'I want to make you *sob*.'

Fingers knot tight in his hair as George pulls him into a deep kiss, and Dream kisses him back hard. He wants to see his mouth redden and bruise.

'You can have me.'

It's all Dream can do not to fuck him right there, as hard as they both want, but he has to pace himself.

George lazily hooks his ankle behind Dream's back while he's trying to steady his heartbeat, mouth flushed red with kisses and wine and a self-satisfied, *wanting* smile.

'Don't go falling asleep on me before you deliver, Dream.'

'I'm going to take my time with you tonight,' Dream reminds him. He loves it, he loves George's fire and the way he can make him melt, pull him apart, have his body singing under his hands. He loves the way George smiles at him, insolent and heated, and wraps a hand around his cock. The sight of him stroking himself makes Dream dizzy.

'You *said* you were going to make me come, didn't you?' He grins. 'Or do I have to do it myself?'

Dream hitches his ankle up and pulls his fingers out. George makes a wonderful breathy sound.

'I'll make you come, I promise.' He presses the head of his cock against his hole, and George's head tips back. 'I'll give you what you need.'

'Come on, then,' George breathes. 'Take me.'

He's never going to stop getting drunk on how George opens up for his cock, on the way his face slackens with the pleasure of being filled. His mouth falls open and his eyes flutter, breath hitching and body tensing. The red flush spreads across his chest and up his pale throat as Dream pushes himself deeper into his willing body.

'Is it good?'

George nods, brows furrowed, clenching around him in slow pulses as he adjusts. Dream strokes his thigh and brushes a kiss to George's chest. His heart pounds with love and warmth.

'I'll give you everything, baby,' he whispers. 'I'll make you feel so good that you can't take it.'

George's eyes are heated with lust as he leans up to kiss him deep, moaning into it, opening to him.

'Do it.'

Dream loves his fire and his tongue, loves him, *craves* him in a bone-deep way. He wants this, he loves making George feel good. He wants to make him *cry* with how good it is.

Drunken and dizzy and falling into each other, George laid out beneath him, hands in his hair and thighs gripping tight around his hips as Dream fucks him. George looks so good, so beautiful, mouth open and red, gasping for *more, please, give it to me*.

Greedy, Dream would say, if he wasn't the same way or worse, if he wasn't wanting to devour this angel whole, drag him down to this sinful heaven. It must be wrong in some way to have his lips and teeth and tongue against George's pretty pale throat to *feel* his pretty noises, redden a mark so high he won't be able to hide it- must be wrong to *love* that, love the breathlessly needy gasps he's drawing out with every roll of his hips, love ruining George entirely. But how can it be wrong when it feels so right?

'Look at me, baby?' Dream asks, rubbing his thumb over the mark, over George's red-stained lip. 'Is this what you needed?'

George's pretty eyes flutter open, and he smiles, a little shaky.

'Course it is.' His fingers clench in the sheets when Dream adjusts the angle, and his words twist into a whine. 'You- you can go harder.'

'Can't, baby. I don't want to wear you out too early.' Dream deliberately slows down again, just to see how George bucks his hips and chases it. 'Just relax. All I want is to make you feel good.'

George smiles slow and indulgent, and it makes Dream warm. Red looks so good when it's painted on him this way. 'You always get what you want.'

'I do, don't I.' Dream still can't believe all of that. He wants, he always wants so much, and George is here saying *you can take it, you can have me*.

It's worship and nothing less to see the way George comes. It's breathtaking, it sends Dream spinning, watching his face twist and his red-stained mouth fall open, feel the way he tightens and gasps and *falls*.

It's something only for Dream to see, and he could get drunk on it, on the whines as he fucks George through his orgasm. Seeing him quivering and strung out, gasping like music- God, he's gone, gone.

His eyes always get a little hazy after he comes once, hooded and smoky golden with lust. It's

something beautiful to see, like the wine-dark thrum of a low cello note. Something as guilty and glorious as the wine staining his lips, and Dream wants to drink of him *deep*.

'You don't have to worry,' he promises. It's hard to want to stop moving, because George feels so good, because of the broken little noises he makes when the pleasure wavers on the edge of *too much*. He stills, and George sinks back into the pillows, chest heaving with relief and pleasure. Dream kisses his way up his chest, tasting faint salt and wine. 'I'll take care of you.'

George's hand cards slowly through his hair and guides him into another kiss.

'Feels good?' Dream asks against his reddened, kiss-swollen mouth. George's teeth drag across his lower lip, eyes honey-dark, and kisses him again in affirmation. In the swelling waves of George coming down from his high, there is nothing but soft heated breath and the slow trace of fingertips over skin. Dream twitches his hips in, catching the curling edges of oversensitivity to make George's breath hitch.

'Tell me when.' Dream shifts, straining to keep himself still. George's pretty noises, his open wine-stained mouth, the hazy golden look of pleasure, it all has him burning up and slipping, his thoughts melting and sliding into *want want want* like melted wax. He wants to fuck him just like this, have him tearing up and whining for *more* and *too much*. He wants to ruin him.

'You can move.' George props himself up, hand drifting to graze the head of his cock. He looks so, so good.

Dream thrusts in, and George throws his head back, tendons standing out in his neck, clutching at the sheets. He *opens*, he opens and lets Dream have him.

If Dream was better, kinder, less heatdrunk and greedy for him, he'd be gentle. He wouldn't fuck him so deep while he's still shaking from his first orgasm, the pleasure making him writhe and gasp and plead.

But George doesn't want it gentle and sweet, not now. He wants everything, everything Dream can give him, wants to be fucked until he sobs. He's clawing at Dream's back, breathless and needy, *more please I need you*.

How can Dream say no to him?

Dream knows George, and himself, and them together. He knows how far to take this, he knows what George wants and what he needs, knows how to make him fall apart in the way they both crave.

He leans forward and nips at his flushed neck, reveling in the music of his gasp. Singing.

'How is it, sweetheart?' He's barely holding onto himself. God, he wants George, he wants to fuck him until they're both shaking with their highs.

George pants, clutching at the sheets, and when he tries to speak it's nearly a whine. Dream- he's almost falling apart, so close to his own finish that he has to turn away and bite the inside of his cheek.

'*More*,' he pleads.

'God-' Dream's hips jerk forward into him, hard and grinding, and George makes an incredible wanting noise. 'You're so- you're so *needy* for me.'

'Fuck me, Dream.' George doesn't look like he can demand anything anymore, not with those blown-wide eyes and the way he's wanting *more more more* while he's still shaking from his first orgasm.

'Needy,' Dream says again in awe. 'So pretty, so *greedy*.'

He can see George trying to fit his words together, pretty mouth stumbling over itself, and he kisses it hard. He can taste slick want and red wine heat on his pliant tongue.

'You're so pretty when you're like this, baby,' Dream praises, and starts to fuck him harder, deeper, filling him up, punching those gasping pleas from his mouth. 'You ruin me.'

'Clay,' George whimpers, like a prayer, and his name licks up both their skins and sparks like white hot lightning in their nerve endings. Dream groans in need and wraps his hand around George's oversensitive cock, thumbing at the head and making him nearly sob.

'George, *George*- say that again, baby, say my name?'

George's eyes are glassy. He's taking so much, too soon, and God, does he look beautiful doing it.

'Clay.' He can barely get the word out, all broken up in teary noises. 'Clay, it's so- so much, please.'

'I know it is, you're doing so well.' Dream hitches George's thigh up and slides in deeper. 'Can you come again for me?'

George looks a little more ruined having to answer that, his whines catching high in the back of his throat. The steady roll of Dream's hips draw the words out of him in whimpers as his back arches and he grips the sheets.

'Yes, yes- I want to come, please.'

It is so, so vanishingly rare to see George completely overwhelmed and undone, to know that Dream is the only one who has him this way, and he treasures every heartbeat, every noise, every moment of hazy vacant eyes and heated whines that he can draw out. Nobody else knows what George is like when he's given up his fire and his smirking smoke and mirrors.

A deep part of him revels in that, wants to have George like this all the time, all gorgeous and overwhelmed and full of his cock, unable to do anything but gasp his name. Taking him so well. Coming for him, for Dream.

This is George, the man Dream loves so much it knocks him breathless, laid out with tears pearling in his eyelashes, shining gold and silver and holy. George, ruined and begging for more, for Dream to fuck him and break him and make him come until he sobs. He takes him so well, looking like an angel when he comes. He's artwork.

This is art, the sight of George's wrists held to the sheets, the way all the tension and fire has been fucked out of him, the trembling clench of his body around Dream's cock as he rides out his orgasm, the broken little gasps spilling from his lips. George is a masterpiece, and it feels like sacrilege to put his hands on him, to mark his skin, to *have* him. Have him laid out here in the sheets, have him begging and crying for *more* even when he's overwhelmed. The angels' choir isn't meant to be heard by someone like him but here he is, and the world sings with George under his hands.

'You're so beautiful,' Dream praises. 'You're so pretty when you come, sweetheart, so gorgeous and perfect, I can't help it. Can't help wanting to fuck you until you come on my cock, just like this.'

George whimpers, chest heaving. The praise makes him sing.

'You have no idea how good you look right now.' Dream's words rush out and stumble over each other as he fucks that orgasm out of him and into overstimulation until George is writhing. 'You always, always look so good, when you get all red like this. When you're like this for me. I love it. I love you so much.'

'Clay,' George begs. He looks completely and utterly overwhelmed. He doesn't know what he's begging for anymore, if he wants more or if it's too much. Dream is falling, for the red wine heat and George's pretty red-flushed face, for the broken sound of his name in that beautiful mouth. His finish shudders through him in red warmth, and he can hear George breathing his name, *Clay please*, against his skin.

'You did so well.' Dream runs shaky fingers through his hair, haloed on the sheets. Their bodies slip against each other, slow and warm. George looks so beautiful and overwhelmed that it makes Dream's heart ache. 'So beautiful, I love you so much.'

His thumb traces circles on George's hips where the red flush of his fingerprints mark him up.

'I love you,' he repeats, awed by the truth of it. He wants to make George feel this good all the time. He wants to give him everything. George turns over and noses against his neck, panting for breath. His gaze is glassy and vacant with pleasure and exhaustion. Dream watches him ride out the floating waves of his orgasm, taking a breath before they both sink in again. This is their tempo, the calm between the storms, where all they do is kiss and lay against each other until the waves calm enough for a touch not to be on the painful side of *too much*.

There's so much white dripping down George's stomach, the proof that they walk just on this side of paradise, where pleasure is *too much* but George still loves it, needs it, takes it.

He twitches, a breathy noise punched out of him when Dream wraps fingers around his cock. His eyes are liquid dark honey and wine, completely given up, pliant and willing and overwhelmed.

'Can you come just one more time for me, baby?' Dream traces circles on his wrists, breathless, arms shaking. George half-sobs, back arching.

'Can't, it's- please, it's so much.'

'It's the last time, I promise. You've been so good, you're taking it so well for me.' Dream kisses the inside of his knee, ghosting fingertips over George's trembling chest. His heart pounds. He loves him. He loves him so much. 'You don't have to move, you can let go. You can let yourself come. I'll take care of you, I promise. I'm right here. Just relax.'

'It's so- Clay, please.' He shudders, gasping for breath. 'So much.'

'I know. I'm here, George,' Dream promises, forever, completely. He's lost to George, always, and that's okay. That's all he wants. 'I'm right here, I promise. It's safe. I love you, I love you so much.'

His eyelashes are sticking with tears and his cheeks are red and he looks completely and utterly overwhelmed, and Dream loves it and loves him so much it makes him ache.

'Tell me what you want, baby. Do you want to come again?'

George's face contorts and he mouths babbled half-words, caught on the precipice.

'I want- I want you to fuck me again,' he begs.

'Tell me? Tell me how much you want it.'

'I want to come, please. Fuck me, *break me*,' he pleads in the most beautiful, broken tone, and of course, of course Dream will give him what he wants.

Dream takes him slow and gentle and heated, his own arms shaking with the effort of holding himself up, breaths mingling in the half inch space between their bodies. George takes it, takes him so well, clenching in long pulses around his cock, spread out like an angel on the red sheets.

'I love you,' he says like the prayer it is. 'You're doing so well, George. My beautiful George.'

Dream kisses him and strokes him slow, slow, like the fingerprint patterns of love, like red sunset glow and hands dancing on ivory, like the music of all good things, until the tension inside of him breaks and George *sobs*, a beautiful broken noise, and comes one last time, tight and shaking on his cock.

'I love you,' he gasps, body shuddering, and Dream falls, falls into the raw open need of his words, into the red heat of his body, into the singing of the heavens. George is clenching down and shuddering, so entirely ruined and overwhelmed. 'Clay, I love you, I love you, *thank you*-'

'I love you so much.' Dream is shaking, all the way down to his bones. 'Oh my God, I love you so much. You took it all so well, baby.'

He pulls out and palms himself, grinding into George's pretty thighs once, twice before he comes, heart pounding in his ear and the white catching George's skin like raindrops. George looks *debauched*, that's the only word for how he is with his head thrown back and mouth red and open, quivering there with his thighs dripping white.

Dream falls back down beside him, the bed creaking, and kisses George everywhere he can touch, as gently as he deserves. George can barely move, too spent and exhausted to do anything but breathe and kiss him back in slow, gentle motions. He tastes like wine and love.

Dream tells him again just how good he was, with George lax against his chest in the warm bath. Putting themselves back together. The red heat of steam blushes across his skin like clouds as Dream carries him back to their bed and collapses. George's fingers curl loosely in his and they sleep, glowing red and warm with their love.

End Notes

This is now de-anoned :)

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